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Presented to Maria Taylor by the
Teachers of Sabbath School No 13 for her
punctual attendance at the opening
of the School during the last three
months.

C. Hall Supt

June 6th 1840

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THE WAY

FOR

A CHILD TO DO GOOD.

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WAY FOR A CHILD TO DO GOOD.

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PART I.

HOW CAN A CHILD DO GOOD TO THE HEATHEN WITHOUT MONEY?

"How can I do good to the heathen without money?" and, "How can I get money with which to do good to them?" are questions over which I used often to ponder. I had, from different causes, become strongly interested for the poor, dark idolater. But my parents had never approved or adopted in our

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large family the plan of giving money to the children. I think they were in the right; but we will not discuss that now. Well, I had no money then to give to the missionary societies, so I tried to think what good to the cause I could do without it. Perhaps some of the young readers of this little book may be in the same situation with myself; let us see then what we could do.

Our distance from the heathen prevents us from employing the means we could ordinarily use to lead souls to the knowledge and love of the Saviour. We cannot teach or persuade them, or even set before their eyes a holy and consist-

ent example. But there are men who are willing to go all the way to them, to leave their native shores, and, in a heathen land, spend all their time in publishing to sinful men the gospel of God's grace. Such men will do that work which we are unable to accomplish, if they can be sent out and supported by Christian people. You and I have no money to give to defray their expenses and assist them in their great work. Our duty then is, to use all our influence with others in this cause, to lead those who *have* the means to aid the heathen and the missionary. Perhaps some of you do not know exactly how to do this. A few examples will easily explain.

Louisa Gillod's father came home from his business on a freezing winter evening. Cold and fatigued, he was glad to draw his comfortable arm chair close to the bright coal fire. "It will be half an hour before tea," said his wife; "the cook has gone out, so I must go down and see about getting it," and she left the room. The astral lamp was burning on the table, and Louisa was sitting on a stool by her father.

"Well then, my daughter," said he, "I would like to have you read aloud to me this half hour."

"What would you like to hear?" asked Louisa.

"Any thing that is interesting," was the reply.

Now Louisa knew that her father scarcely ever thought of religion, or any thing connected with it; but she knew also that he was a sensible and feeling man; so bearing in mind the poor heathen, whom her pious mother had taught her to pity, she ventured to commence a very interesting extract from Ellis's account of the Sandwich Islanders. Mr. Gillod's attention was engaged. After tea, he commenced the regular reading of the book. Evening after evening he took it up and read. He was much struck with its contents; and when he had finished he said, "That really he did not know or trouble himself much about either heathen or missionaries before, but

that if those were the kind of things they were, and the kind of things they did, the societies ought to be encouraged." Each month afterwards his name was on the subscription paper for the Foreign Missionary Society.

George Nugent, on the first Monday of five successive months, succeeded in persuading his father's family to attend the Monthly Concert of Prayer, which they had before always forgotten or neglected. They are now much interested in the cause of the heathen, always attend the Monthly Concert, and, although the father is only a poor shoemaker, and the mother and daughter, who take in plain sewing, have but few

employers, the three together give yearly fifteen dollars to the Board of Domestic Missions, and twenty-five to the Board of Foreign Missions—forty dollars in all!

Eliza Randall goes to school, where the scholars sew two hours in the afternoon. Each one, in her turn, reads aloud to the others. They may take whatever they please for perusal; the teacher, of course, first looks over what is to be read. To-day it is Eliza's turn to read, and she has carried a missionary periodical with her to school. She has taken this means of interesting her companions in the cause of missions.

Mary Lansing's friend, Laura, is

the orphan ward of a fond old grandfather. She has a great deal of pocket money, for he allows her a dollar every week. How often have I heard Mary beg Laura to remember the heathen idolater, and not spend so much for cakes and candy.

But here comes Mary into the room. She says, that Laura told her to-day that she meant to put aside thirty-three cents every week for the heathen. Though Laura is a wild girl, a spoiled child, as everybody says, yet I never knew her to break her word. So Mary will have been the means of bringing an annual tribute of thirteen dollars into the Lord's treasury.

Emily Fisher is now twelve years

old. From her sixth to her ninth year, her parents lived in England, while she stayed with an aunt in America. Every fortnight, her mother expected to hear from her by the packet ship. So Emily had to write a great many letters. Both her mother and her aunt were very particular about the rules of orthography and grammar. By this continual practice, she gained a facility and propriety in expressing her ideas quite uncommon in a child of her age. When, on her parent's return, she went to school, the easy style and the correctness of her compositions were observed and praised. Emily's parents are both pious, and for the last year we have hoped that

Emily is pious too; for she has changed much in many things. And in proportion as she has become interested in behalf of her own soul, has she become interested in behalf of those millions of souls who know nothing of Christ and his salvation.

Well, how does Emily do good? She has not any money. She does good with that which she has, with the talents which God has given her. At the school which she attends, the scholars' compositions are read aloud to them every Friday afternoon. Yesterday Emily presented one, entitled "*The Poor Hindoo Child.*" She brought it to me before, to know if there was any

thing exaggerated or improbable in it. No—it was but a *true* picture; yet one to which I am sure few of the scholars can attend on Friday, without feeling a deep compassion for the thousand benighted sufferers who are at this moment living witnesses to the truth of the description, or without being obliged seriously to consider the concluding sentence:—"My dear schoolfellows, can none of us do any thing towards stopping this tide of misery? 'Why sit ye here all the day idle?'"

But I have not yet mentioned the most important way by which many do, all can, and all ought to do good to the heathen, whether they have

money or not: it is by PRAYING FOR THEM.

Our Saviour is as willing and desirous that children should approach him now, as he was when on earth. He then said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and can there be any object for which he will be more willing to hear you, more ready to answer you, than that one for which he himself lived, laboured, died? And yet have we not all reason to ask ourselves how we have performed this duty? Has not our desire been to do something grand, (grand for us,) something that will show, something upon which we can pride ourselves, instead of having simply a warm, fervent, sincere wish that

God's kingdom may come, and his will be done, on earth as it is in heaven? How many of us have often repeated the Lord's prayer, *thy kingdom come*, without one thought of the heathen, one glance at a world lying in wickedness. O, let us resolve that from this time the duty of *praying* for the heathen shall be oftener and better performed.

And now, we will leave off talking, and go about acting. Yet I have one more word to say. I have all along taken it for granted, that each one of our little circle, (for I have fancied us all gathered in a circle,) that each one of us is interested in the object. We must take a little

pains to preserve this interest. We must keep up and accumulate knowledge respecting these heathen people themselves, the success of the missionaries, and their peculiar wants, trials, and circumstances.

And now good-by; but think over what has been said, and each one of you choose what you *can*, or rather what you *will* do, for the heathen, while yet without any money.

PART II.

HOW CAN A CHILD RAISE MONEY FOR THE HEATHEN?

And so, my young friends, we have come together again, to learn more about doing good to the heathen. The last time we met, we saw some ways in which we might influence others to give money to promote the spread of Christianity in the world. We can pray, too, for this object. But we must not rest contented here. This is not *all* that we can do. We must give something ourselves. But you say, "I

have no money to give." You wish very much that you had, but father and mother do not give you any allowance. None of us, perhaps, have more than a quarter or half a dollar, and some only a few cents. With us the great question then is, How shall we get money for this purpose? We cannot read of all the misery of heathenism, of all the blessings of Christianity—and then hear the different missionary societies and missionaries, and even heathen people themselves, represent their wants, and call aloud for aid, without deeply regretting our inability to help them. Shall we not each then seriously, earnestly consider the question, How can I raise

money for the heathen?—How can we? Let us think.

Is there no little thing to which we have been accustomed which we can deny ourselves, and the value of which we can receive in money? I should think we might all, with the consent of our parents, adopt the plan of the young Lawrences. They neither drink tea nor coffee. Each has a tumbler of clear water (which, by-the-by, is the best thing any one could have) set on the table for them at morning and evening meals. So there is saved, among the three, a good deal of milk and sugar, besides the tea and coffee, quite the worth of the ten cents which their mother gives to each

one every week in return. The Lawrences are my cousins; but I should never have known about this arrangement had I not discovered it while staying at their house, for they never speak of it themselves; and I hope that any of you who may adopt their way of saving money, or any other like it, will follow their example in this particular.

I knew another child who used to go without butter, and received instead the price of the quantity she would have eaten, say six and a quarter cents a week.

"But these sums are so small," perhaps you say, "they seem scarcely worth the trouble of earning." You forget, however, that sixpence

a week amounts to three dollars and a quarter in a year. But I do not suppose that you will keep collecting it till the end of the twelve months. You perhaps put one week's earning into a collection taken up at church for the missionary society. From that society it is sent to China. There it will defray the expense of printing at least two or three pages of gospel truth in the native language. This, with others, is given into the hands of a missionary. By the Chinese people, books are much sought after and esteemed; and whenever the missionary, as he passes through the country, brings forth his books, multitudes gather round him to hear and to receive.

As he reads, the words fall upon the ears of many—in some, perhaps, they reach the heart. Yes! who knows to how many they may prove the power of God unto salvation. But the usefulness of the books does not stop here. One person hands the precious gift to another, and he to another, and so the little volume travels on, and on, from village to village, and from city to city, penetrates into the very heart of the heathen nation, and thence, over rivers and plains, until it reaches even the wild uplands of Tartary. Along its track it has kindled a line of gospel light, which may gladden many souls in the places where, for many and many an age, the people

have sat in darkness. Your little mite may be the means of accomplishing such results as these. And can you still think it unworthy of you to earn to and give something towards the salvation of men?

But let us return to the question, How shall we raise money for the heathen? And now, if you will imagine that it is a bright summer morning, just five o'clock, and that you are walking with me to Mrs. Carrol's house, I will show you a way to earn it. Here we are at the door. Let us go up stairs to the back room in the third story. Now, peep in there, and you will see little Ellen, at this early hour, closely engaged with her needle. Notice the

expression of happiness beaming in her countenance. She has thrown open the window, and the fresh morning air, as it breathes over the hill on which the house is situated, is delightful. (*See frontispiece.*) Her eyes stray for a moment from her fingers to the waking city beneath, and the green velvet slope beyond, the browsing cattle, the opening flowers, and the fluttering birds, who are sounding their early carols from the gardens and hills around. But she soon returns to her work with readiness and pleasure. As all seems bright and happy without, so Ellen within is bright and happy too. I say she feels bright—for, although she rose at four o'clock, she is not sleepy:

she went to bed at eight; and she is happy, for she is engaged in an employment which gives her great delight. She is working for the heathen. Those shirts she is making are for a brother at the south. Her mother was going to put them out to be done; but Ellen, anxious to gain money for her favourite object, begged leave to rise and work on them before breakfast, and receive the pay of the seamstress. She works for her mother all the rest of the day, and, having no other time which she can call her own, she willingly sacrifices these two hours of unnecessary sleep for a purpose so much beloved. Can none of us follow her plan?

But go to the next house, and knock at the door of her friend, Sarah Ward. You will find her busy too, and with her brothers, Charles and Edward, sitting at the round table in the middle of the room. It is strewed with paints, and plates rubbed all over with colours, and there are three piles of picture books. They are colouring the prints. Do you see? Their father procured the pictures from a bookseller for them to paint, and he will pay them a dollar and a quarter for every hundred sheets they colour. They will each paint ten sheets before breakfast, or, if not so soon, before school-time. They are doing this, so that they can put their

names upon the church subscription paper, and so be able, every month, to give regularly to the cause of missions. My young friends, can none of us follow their plan of raising money?

And now it is time that we should turn to go home; but, before we separate, we must think of some other ways in which children like ourselves can gain money for the heathen. Some of us, perhaps, can do like Henry Somers. He lives in New York, where the gardens are generally small. His father's yard is rather larger than usual, so that he gave Henry a piece of the wide border for his own. As Henry was one day thinking how he could raise

money, he formed this plan, to which both of his parents agreed. It was to cultivate and sell common vegetables, such as beets, carrots, and radishes, in his little garden. His father gave him the necessary seeds, and his mother promised to let the servant boy carry the produce to market to be there disposed of. Almost any morning or evening Henry may now be seen digging, weeding, or watering his ground. Sometimes inclination strongly urges him to stay to play with his companions in the evening, and to neglect to water the plants, which had been scorched all day by the hot sun; and sometimes indolence begs most piteously for farther repose, when he is

wakened early to gather his plants, and tie them in bundles, ready for market, before the sun shall become bright and powerful. But self-denial and exertion, coupled with much patience and perseverance, are necessary for one who intends to do good.

Well! is there nothing like this that *we* can do? I say *like* this, for in bringing forward these particular cases, I do not in the least intend to imply that they are the only methods which we are to try. We must each think over our own situation, and all its circumstances, the practicability of these schemes, and what others would be more useful, more pleasant, or more expedient; and especially

must we regard the feelings of our parents. There are many things to be considered in choosing in what way to raise money for the heathen.

There is another most effectual method of accomplishing this object which I have not yet mentioned, but with which all of you are probably more or less acquainted. It is that of joining in juvenile societies, to meet and make needle or fancy work for sale. In many respects, this is a most excellent way for children to earn money.

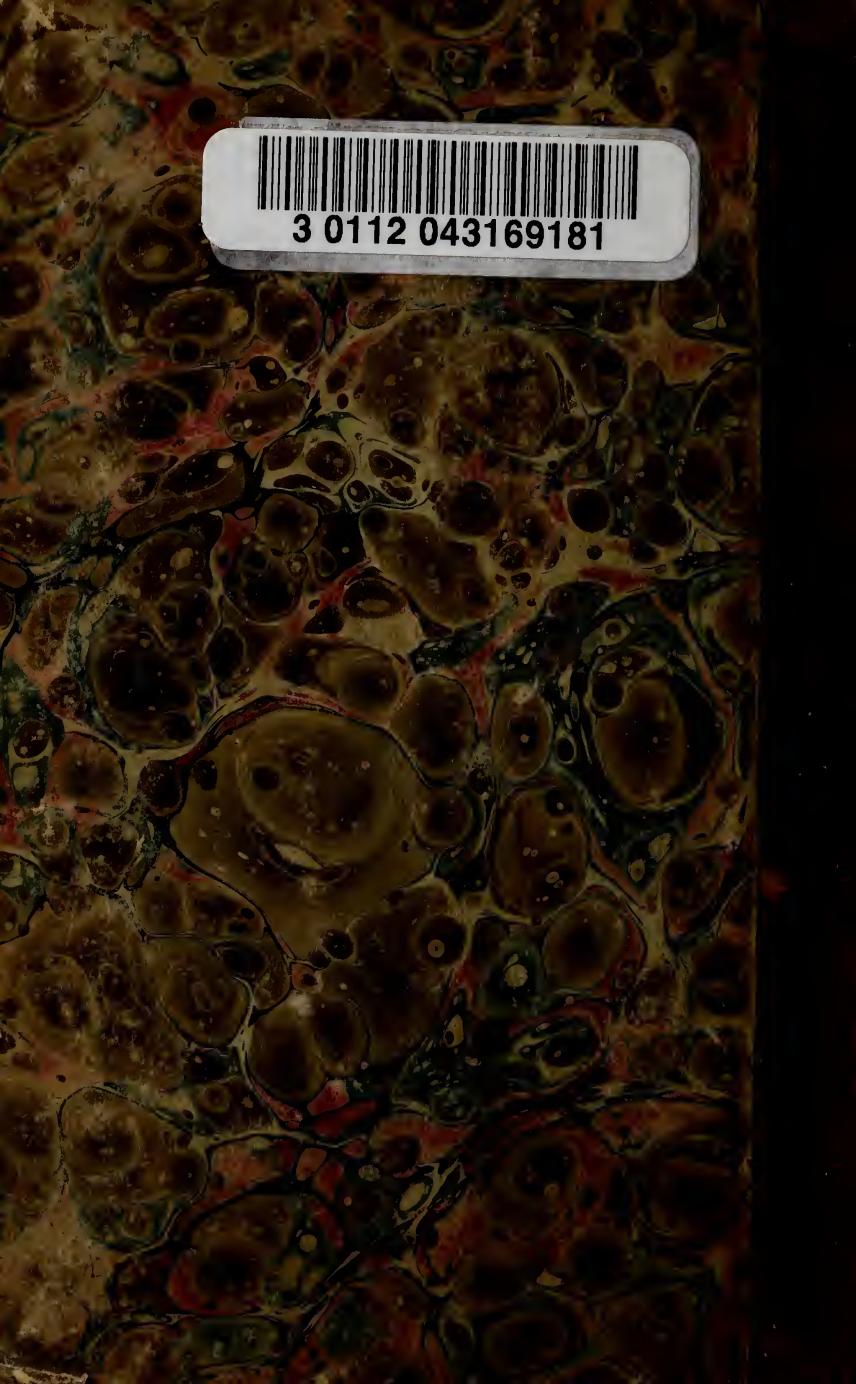
But, as I said before, it is time that we should separate; so I will not dwell on this subject. It is sufficient that I remind you that there is scarcely any way in which you

can be more useful in gaining money for the heathen, than by becoming a regular and industrious member of a missionary sewing society.

And now, my young friends, if any of you have felt as though you could do nothing for the heathen, and have been sad at the thought, cast away the idea at once. Though you *are* nothing but a child, a very young child perhaps, you surely must be convinced that you can do *something*. You have seen how much you may accomplish by influencing and interesting others in the cause of the heathen; how much you are encouraged to pray for them; and how many means you

can devise for obtaining money, to aid more directly in sending to them the gospel and happiness. "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

THE END.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